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The motto of California means "I have found it." Only in that land of sunshine, where the orange and grape bloom and ripen attain their best perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gum found that are used in that pleasant remedy for all throat and lung troubles, **SANTA ABLE**, the ruler of coughs, asthma, and consumption. **Foshay & Mason**, of Albany, Oregon, have been appointed managers for his valuable California remedy, and sell it under a guarantee at 81 bottles for \$2.50.

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CURES ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS. Sold on GUARANTEE.

Send for circulars, \$1 per bottle, 3 for 2.50.

ABIE TINE MED. CO. OROVILLE, CAL.

CALIFORNIA CURE

THE ONLY GUARANTEED CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT.

Send for circulars, \$1 per bottle, 3 for 2.50.

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DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.

If you have experienced any of the above symptoms (do not delay, but try **CALIFORNIA CURE** at once. We positively warrant cure for applications, relieve and a thorough treatment to cure. Six months treatment for \$1.00; sent by mail.

Santa Able and Cat-R-Cure. For sale by FOSHAY & MASON, Albany, Oregon.

G. L. BLACKMAN,
(Successor to E. W. Langdon)

DEALER IN

Drugs, Paints, Oils.

Perfumery and toilet articles, also a full line of books and stationery, periodicals, etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

IN ODD FELLOW'S TEMPLE.

Albany Oregon

W. C. TWEEDALE,
DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Tinware, Copperware,

Pumps, iron pipe, rubber hose and plumbing tools. Sole agents for the celebrated "Early Breakfast" cook stoves and ranges, and "Faultless" parlor heating stoves. Albany, Oregon.

AT COST!

STILL TO THE FRONT!

G. W. SIMPSON,

Having purchased the stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc., of C. B. Roland & Co. is now prepared to offer

Better Bargains than Ever!

Having a complete assortment of General Merchandise, bought at a big discount, which he still proposes to sell at cost. Purchasers will do well to call and get his prices before buying elsewhere, as you can save from 25 to 30 per cent. The highest market price paid for country produce of all kinds, either in cash or goods.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

300 Men Wanted!

O'CONNOR AND BARR WANT 300 MEN to work on their contract on the Oregon Pacific railroad east of Albany. Apply at the Whimette Packing Co's store, or at H. W. BARR's office.

The Albany Bakery!

Under the new management of

Parker Bros.

—WHO KEEP

A full line of choice family groceries and provisions

Canned Pineapples,

Choice Table Delicacies

Ornamented cakes for **Weddings and Parties.**

Salmon, hollies, mackerel and saltfish of all kinds.

FRESH BAKED BREAD

Every Day.

Best Syrup, Pies, Cakes

TEAS AND COFFE

Handie Nuts, Raisins

CANNED GOODS, ETC.

—The best Soap in the market—

Le Roi Savon.

A fine assortment of domestic and Imported Cigars!

Special John Fox's oldstand. low prices new brick.

WOODIN & WILLARD

LIVE

Furniture Dealers

—IN A

Live Town.

This is what Albany is at present, and in order to keep pace with the lively times in this city, they have enlarged their store and stock so that they now have the most complete and desirable line of furniture in the valley. Their double storerooms in Froman's block are filled with an elegant assortment of new furniture, consisting of lounges in new patterns, fine gold picture frames, willow chairs, easy rockers, marble tables, brackets, etc., etc. An examination of the stock will show this to be true in every respect.

Correspondence Wanted.

A GENTLEMAN WITH A GOOD BUSINESS and property is desirous of corresponding with a strictly respectable young lady, Member of a church, and willing to travel and meet be able to play the piano or organ, with a view to matrimony. Address, Sincere, MORNING HERALD OFFICE, Albany.

Dwelling for Rent.

A NEAT RESIDENCE OF 9 ROOMS, situated on the corner of Baker and Seventh streets, with two lots, garden and fruit in abundance, for rent on reasonable terms. Apply to A. Webster at residence.

Hermann's Restaurant,

Hermann Diercks, Prop.

THIS RESTAURANT IS NOW OPENED to the public in the Saltmarsh building below the Revere House, where good meals will be served at all hours. Mr. Dierck invites his old customers and the public generally to call. The tables will be supplied with the best viands the market affords. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE co-partnership heretofore existing between C. J. Dillon and T. H. Cone, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. H. Cone retiring. The business will be continued by C. J. Dillon, who will collect all outstanding accounts and will pay all indebtedness of the firm.

ALBANY, Sept. 25, 1888. C. J. DILLON, T. H. CONE.

OREGON PACIFIC.

Curran & Monteith have lots for sale on the installment plan, ranging in price from \$125 to \$1000.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with multitudes of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 109 WALL ST., N. Y.**

D. W. CROWLEY & CO., Agents, Portland, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS.

D. R. N. BLACKBURN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Albany, Oregon. Office in Odd Fellows' Temple. Will practice in all courts of the state, and give special attention to all business.

WOLVERTON CHARLES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Albany, Oregon. Office in rooms 13 and 14, Foster's Block, over L. E. Blain's store.

J. F. WEATHERFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Albany, Oregon. Office in Odd Fellows' Temple. Will practice in all courts of the state, and give special attention to all business.

PHYSICIANS.

G. W. HANSTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURG. Albany, Oregon.

M. H. BELLIS, PHYSICIAN AND SURG. Albany, Oregon.

M. ALLEN & WOODWARD, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, obstetrics treatment of chronic diseases of women and children a specialty. All calls promptly attended to day or night. Office in Flinn's block.

REVERE HOUSE, ALBANY, ORE.—CHAS. R. PEPPER, Prop. Only first-class house in the city. Large sample rooms for commercial men. No Chinese employed in the kitchen. General stage office for Corvallis.

T. T. EWERT, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Jeweler, Albany, Oregon.

63 ACRES OF LAND—SITUATED 12 miles east of Albany, near the Oregon Pacific railroad, 300 acres in cultivation, and contains sufficient water and timber for general use. Would make fine good farms. Price, \$1250.00. Will sell or lease. For particulars apply to J. J. Dorris.

For Sale.

20 SMALL TRACTS AND THREE FARMS on easy terms. See map. H. BRYANT

Land surveying.

PARTIES desiring to purchase land can obtain accurate and prompt work by calling upon ex-county surveyor F. T. Fisher. He has complete copies of field notes and township plats, and is prepared to survey in any part of Lin county. Postoffice address, Millers Station, Linn county, Oregon.

Fruit Drier for Sale.

PLUMMER FRUIT DRYER, FACTORY size, complete, with additions and improvements, for sale cheap. Apply to A. Blaker, Shedd, Oregon, or to A. Wheeler, Springfield, Oregon.

PALACE MEAT MARKET

JAMES V. PIPE, Prop.

First Street Albany

The best variety of choice beef, veal, mutton, pork sausage, etc., in the city kept constantly on hand. Cash paid for all kind. Oct. 13

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF ALBANY, OREGON!

PRESIDENT, L. Flinn.

VICE-PRESIDENT S. E. Young,

CASHIER, G. E. Chamberlain.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS, including the receipt and deposit of money, the exchange of checks, Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfer sold on New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. Collections made on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

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Magnolia Flour.

THE BEST MAGNOLIA FLOUR DELIVERED to any part of the city, for \$1.10 per sack.

JOHN A. CRAWFORD,

D. R. KOLDEWAY, VETERINARY SURG. Albany, Oregon. Graduate of German and American colleges.

Willamette University

—GRADUATES STUDENTS IN—

Classical, Literary, Scientific, Normal, and Business, Law and

MEDICAL COURSES

OLDEST, LARGEST AND LEAST EXPENSIVE

In situation of learning in the Northwest, first term begins September 1st, 1888. Address THOS. VAN SCOY, President, Salem, Oregon.

Harry Burton.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP'S SACRIFICE

A Romance of the War.

BY OTWELLS.

AUTHOR OF "JESSIE'S DIARY," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Harry carried the huge lunch basket along the streets, and assumed a careless, swaggering walk, as if he had been sent out to buy the week's supply, and intended to enjoy so unusual a treat. He stopped to stare into shop windows whistling a gay little tune as if he was the happiest mortal in all those crowded streets; while all the time his heart was beating so loudly, he imagined every one must hear it, and he fancied he heard policemen coming after him, or expected them to step out from some corner in front, and take him back to that black, dark cell, the very thought of which, this was a summer evening made him shiver and turn cold. He was surprised to find himself finally on a quiet, secluded street in the lower part of the town, and to discover that it led to the river. He followed it on with each step now, gaining more confidence, and vowing that he should do his part, that noble sacrifice for his life should not be in vain, that he would come back some day with every stain washed away from his father's name. And Pearl! but he must not think of her to-night; to think of her was to unman him, and he had a part to act to-night. He walked along with the blue arch of heaven above him, the fragrance of the magnolia and jessamine blossoms blowing across his face. "Oh, what a glorious thing to be free!" He raised his hat and stood for a moment with head uncovered, the perfume of breeze cooling his heated brow, then he walked on again, past beautiful residences with gayly dressed groups of people on verandas, and happy couples wandering up and down the flowery walks, all intent on enjoying the beautiful moonlight evening, then as he neared the river, the fashionable dwellings were left behind, and great tenement houses—with dirty, ragged, impudent children, swarming from every window and door it seemed to look their places; then farther on great warehouses and wharfs, and docks, where Harry was compelled to dodge in and out among boxes and barrels, amid the yells and curses of draymen, now stooping under a horse-neck, now scarcely evading a back-swinging arm, and scanning eagerly each ship and boat for that one name, "Alert," the name he hoped that meant life, liberty, everything for him. He had about concluded that he had missed it, and had turned to retrace his steps, when looking on the dark side—the side in the shadow of a little side wheel steamer, he saw in red and gold letters "Alert."

The boat seemed to be deserted, thought Harry. "The crew are likely having a spree on shore. Well all the better for me. If I can only reach that room unnoticed I am safe." He crossed the gangplank and mounted the stairs to the upper deck, where he found the watch half asleep, sitting upon an unturned pall.

"Who's that?" he growled looking up at Harry in a sleepy manner.

"Me," answered Harry in a course, gruff voice. As he still carried the big basket, and had his hat drawn down over his eyes.

The watch took him for the cook bringing up bread, and growled out "go long then," which Harry did with alacrity and entered the first door he saw, which he discovered led to the stewards' room, where that worthy functionary was puffing and blowing over some silver ware, endeavoring to impart a higher degree of polish on their already mirror-like brightness.

"Which way is room 24?" enquired Harry.

"Go right on down de dining room to 'tother end, first door ye come to," answered the steward holding a water picher up to the light, and scanning it with a critical eye. "Dar now I jes hope dem things 'll suit him dis time for 'se mighty nig rubbed the skin off dem fingers o'mine with dat new kin' of polisher!" He turns round just in time to see the door close behind Harry's vanishing form, and he turned to his polishing again, remarking that, "dar ar 'seemed to be a mighty spry sort o'eller."

Harry once inside of room No. 24 feels comparatively safe. He deliberately locks the door, and seats himself upon the snowy bed next to meditate upon what he shall do next. Thus far he has followed implicitly Captain Van's directions, and he realizes that henceforward he must depend upon his own resources; he realizes also that his escape is only for the present moment, that as soon as it is known he is outside of the prison walls the whole country will be in search of him. He knows if he

cludes them he must be more wary, more vigilant than the keenest detective; more cunning than the fleetest fox on a race for life, with the fiercest hounds in pursuit. He knows that one mistake, one faltering step, means defeat, death, while on the other hand if he can escape, are an untarnished name, the repayment of a debt of honor and gratitude to a noble friend, and Pearl; and he resolves to begin the struggle, that the prize is worth the winning, be the pathway ever so thorny, the way ever so rough and steep, or dark and dreary. In the first place he must earn money, for as little as he is experienced in the ways of the world, he has already discovered that money is the key note to success; that if ever he is to bring the cowardly assassin, who has made him suffer all this ignominy—for he reasons that this is the only way to clear himself—if ever he finds him it will be a long search and require time and money to accomplish it. His eyes falls upon a little leather covered, brass bound trunk on the opposite side of the room, and he remembered Captain Van had told him that he would find what he needs for the present in the room. He dropped upon his knees and inserts the key the captain gave him into the lock. He raises the lid and finds on top a couple of suits of clothes; one a neat cutaway business suit, the other a captain's uniform complete, underneath several pair of whiskers, mustaches and wigs, then in one corner several bottles of hair dyes, face washes and powders; in another is a well filled purse. Harry decides immediately upon the role he shall assume for the next day, or at least until he reaches New Orleans. He selects a fierce pair of iron gray mustaches, he bathes his face, neck, arms and hands in a dark wash; he dons the captain's uniform, and surveys himself in the little mirror with satisfaction. He is transformed from a young athlete of scarcely twenty into a tanned, and careworn man of sixty. No one, he thinks could trace the slightest resemblance between this dark stern faced man and the light hearted, merry boy of six months ago. He wonders to himself where that boy has gone, for he has disappeared, and he feels that he has had him farewell forever. He feels that he is a man now in experience at least, if not in years. He looks at his watch and is surprised to find that it is nearly midnight, and he lies down upon the white bed, not to sleep, but to rest, and prepare for the morrow, the new existence to commence with the early dawn.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the warden brought in the prisoner's breakfast the next morning, he found him with his face to the wall, sleeping the soundest sleep of the innocent. He approached, and roughly shook him by the arm, telling him in language more forcible than polite, that if he expected to get any breakfast this morning he had best "git out of this." The Captain's nestly arises, scarcely realizing where he is, and the frightened warden rushes down stairs, three or four steps at a jump, and with every jump a yell that the prisoners (as if there could be but one) had escaped. The whole force of officials and all the prisoners knew seemingly by instinct that it was Harry Burton the boy murderer who has escaped. There is a general rush for the cell which he has so lately vacated, and the Captain is overwhelmed with questions with curses for helping the victim to elude them.

"Now see here everybody," says the Captain, when he can make himself heard above the tumult.

"If you will all keep your mouths closed for about sixty seconds I'll tell you all about it." There are cries of "go on!" "sail in!" "bang ahead," etc. and the Captain thus encouraged proceeds.

"You see gentlemen, I know that poor boy is innocent; I positively know it." He is interrupted by a cry of "go on" tell us how he got away; we don't care whether he's innocent or not."

"You promised to keep your mouths shut," returned the Captain. "Suppose you tend to your part of the bargain and I'll tend to mine; I'll tell you how he got away as I get to it."

"Well go ahead, we're mum," from the crowd.

"Well as I remarked just now, he is innocent, and I know it, and I tell you what, it goes against my grain to stand by, and allow my oldest friend's boy to die with his boots on; so I just fixed up a plan to fool you fellows. Last night you let him out and bade him God's speed—so o' speak—your own selves; and of course I'm obliged to you, but you ought to have known old Van better than that. You've no one to blame but your own selves that he went aboard the express bound for California at ten o'clock last night. It's no body's fault but your own if he's two or three hundred miles away, while you stand there talking to me."

These words seemed to arouse the superintendent to a realizing sense of the fact that they were wasting precious time; and he yelled out "hush," what do you mean

standing here? Have you all gone deaf? Don't you know that while you are listening to all this bosh, the prisoner is getting farther away? Why don't you inform your police? the detectives? Clear out! rouse everybody! run!"

"Say," resumed the Captain wanting to detain them as long as possible, "say I thought you wanted to know how he got away. Haven't told you how he escaped yet?"

"Never you mind about that," said the superintendent. "You had better look out for your own self. You want help many more people out of here for some time I'm thinking. Here Jackson you take care of that prisoner." And as the warden turns the key in the door of cell 101, with Captain Van Fleet insides, superintendent Williams fingers long enough to remark in a loud voice that the Captain may hear, "That old cuss wont have any one to help him out of there for many a long day if I can help it." But the Captain heeded not the words, though they proved a prophecy. "I wish they'd staid a little longer," said he. "Any way till I'd finished my remarks. I had quite a lengthy speech ready for them. But I sent them on a blind trail," he chuckled. "I saw the bait took. Yes you bound, your fox has doubled on you, and you will have to be a heap wittier and a durn sight keener than I thought you are, if you catch your game this time. Let me see!" looking at a huge hunting case watch which he always carries. "Let me see; half past six. The Alert ought to be down nearly to Lyles landing by this time, if they started at four in the morning. If he got safely aboard last night, he's safe for awhile anyhow. Ha, ha, good for you Jesse! I feel like shaking hands with you. Old Van I'll just be reetotally jumped up and down if you didn't do this thing up about right." His sole thought is for Harry. It never enters his head that he is in prison, and very likely to remain there for some time. He is entirely unconscious, or indifferent to his squalid surroundings; he does not notice the rusty tin saiver, with the tin cup of water, and the black, battered tin plate of dry bread and rustily mouid slice of bacon, upon it. It does not occur to him that he has not tasted food since yesterday morning; for while he was running everywhere yesterday providing, and preparing for Harry's escape, while he compelled Harry to eat a bountiful repast, he never thought of refreshment for himself. He lies down now upon the wretched excuse for a bed, and gazes up at the little grated hole (I cannot conscientiously call a six by six inch hole a window) where a feeble, flickering ray of light struggles to enter between the heavy iron bars. His thoughts are with Harry. In his mind's eye he sees him dressed in the Captain's uniform; and he thinks how nobly grand that full square form looks in that becoming outfit. He sees a look of pleasure, love, light up the manly face when he first looks into the little trunk and finds that his friend has not forgotten or neglected anything. And his happiness is complete; he is amply rewarded for any sacrifice of self. He lies there for several hours; so absorbed in his own pleasant reflections, that he unconscious of the lapse of time until his attentions are drawn to footsteps near the door, and he hears Jackson's familiar voice saying "this way Miss," and presently the cell door is thrown open, admitting a flood of light, and Pearl Bedford's form hesitating on the threshold. Is that Pearl, or only her ghost?

Captain Van Fleet rises, and advances toward her with outstretched hands. "Is this you? Is this little Pearl?"

"Yes, Captain it is I," with the faintest shadow of a smile that is more pitiful than tears.

"Here, you Jackson! have'n't you got any heart? Bring this lady a chair!"

Jackson with a feeling as near to pity as it is possible for such a brutish nature to feel, went to the other side of the lobby and returned with a stool, which he pushed through the door with a grunt and retired. Pearl sank trembling upon the stool while the Captain hovered over her, terribly afraid she was going to faint. "There honey don't feel that way; don't take on now, there's dear. Better now! Poor child! poor child! it wrings my heart to see you like this—looking so pale and weak."

"I am better now Captain. I am not quite so strong as I thought I was; and these long, dark corridors, with grated doors on every side sent a chill all over me. Now tell me Captain what this means. I came to see Mr. Burton, and the jailer tells me he is gone and that you have taken his place; how can that be?" The Captain replied in a soft voice all that the reader is ready knows, adding, "And my dear child you don't know how the poor boy was cut up every time I came to see him, and go

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)